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A CHILD'S READER IN VERSE



EMMA L. ELDRIDGE

Edw T 759.11.376

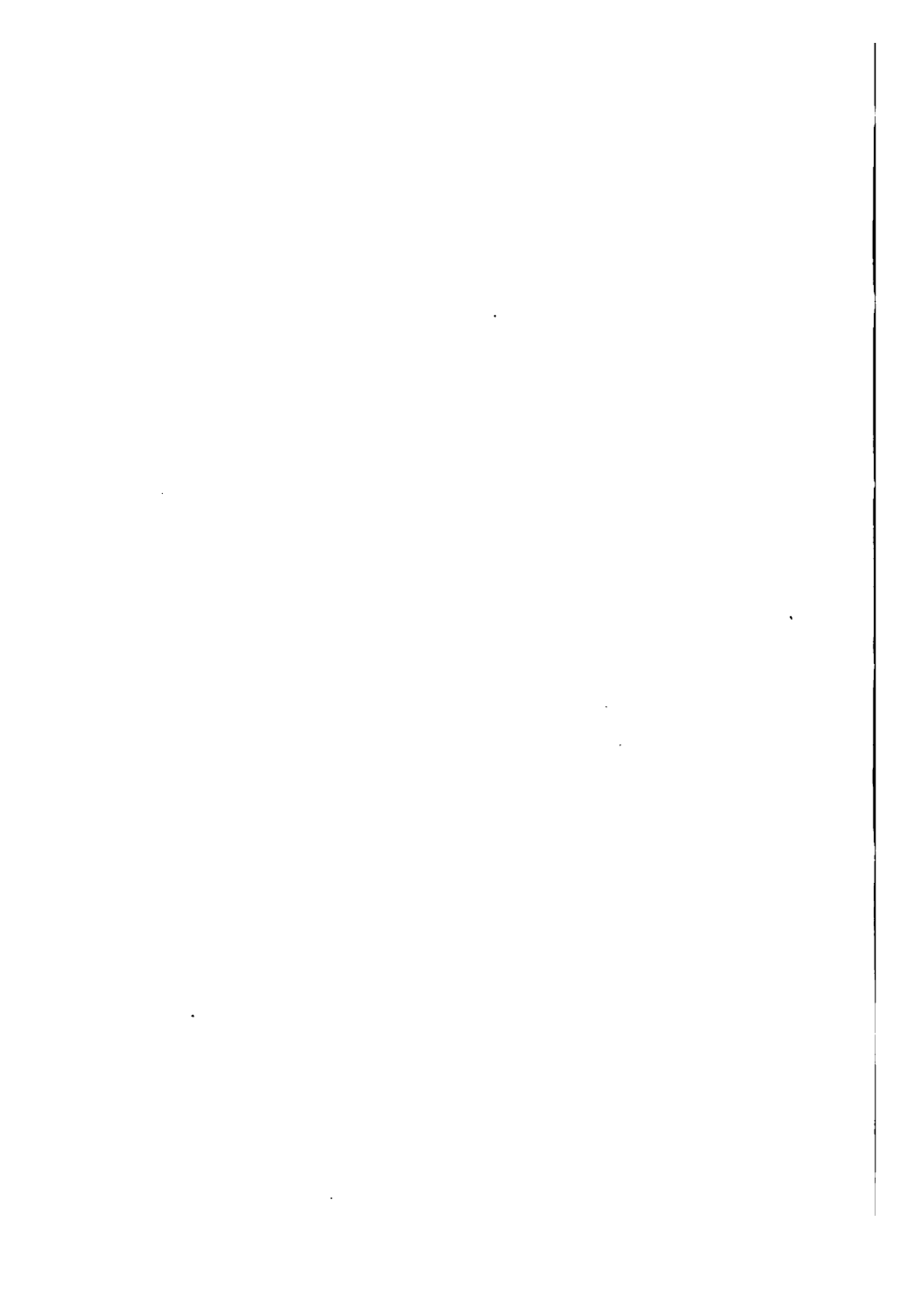


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A CHILD'S READER IN VERSE



(2)

THE CHILD AT PLAY

A CHILD'S READER IN VERSE

BY

EMMA L. ELDRIDGE



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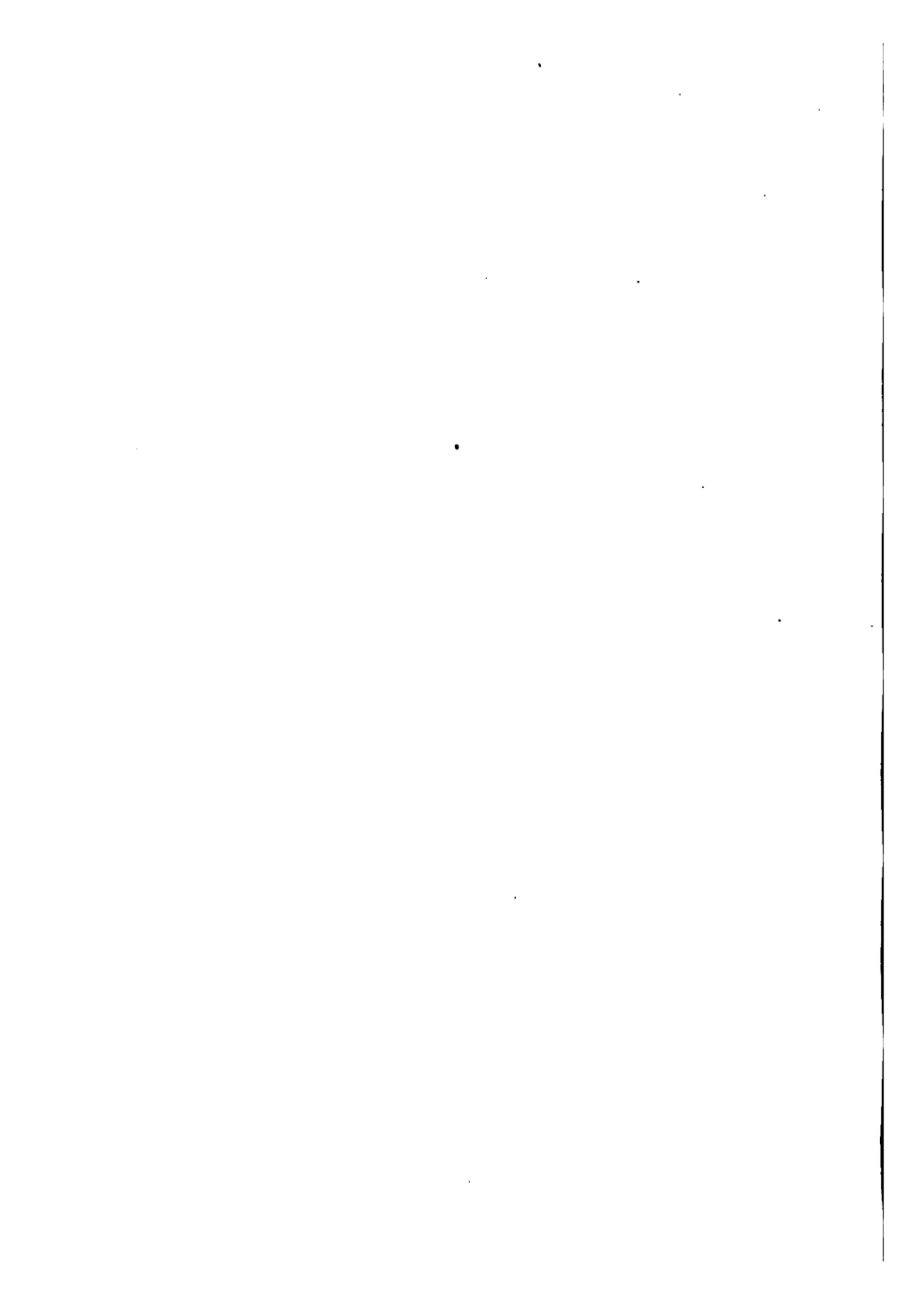
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CHILD'S READER IN VERSE.

W. P. I

THIS
BOOK OF VERSES
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
ELIZABETH AND MARGARET
BY
THEIR MOTHER



PREFACE

THIS book was written with a keen appreciation of the needs of the primary school. Its purpose is twofold: to furnish reading lessons, each word of which will hold the pupil's attention; to make each lesson convey a thought that is worth the teaching—a lesson that will develop character and mental strength. The lessons have been written in verse because children love rhythm and rime, and these therefore assist in securing their willing attention.

The vocabulary has been kept strictly within the limitations of the primary pupil; for, no matter what thoughts a lesson may contain, when it exceeds these limitations it is worthless to the child.

Reading, in the final analysis, is getting thought from the printed page. It may be necessary while teaching reading, by the various methods, to use only such words as are required to develop those lessons, almost regardless of the thought contained; but the real purpose of reading, "thought getting," should by no means be overlooked in any grade. Therefore, for supplementary reading, where methods are for the time lost sight of, this book will be most useful.

Training the child, from the beginning, by means of well-selected material, to read thoughtfully and with appreciation is one of the royal roads to mind culture. Silly jingles are unsuitable for this purpose, because they underestimate the understanding of the child. On the other hand, many of the so-called "poems for children" are equally objectionable. It is a mistake to suppose that all poetry about a

child is interesting to him. Take, for instance, Eugene Field's poem, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Many adults consider it beautiful, and so it is; but there are few children who really understand what it means. They fail to appreciate it because its imagery and deeper meaning are beyond their comprehension. The same is true with very much of the poetry in children's books.

It is often argued that such poetry will be recalled and appreciated in after years. Would it not be better to so train the children's minds with material which they can understand and appreciate, that they will be mentally equipped, when grown up, to appreciate the volumes of unread literature on our bookshelves?

In these verses I have tried to speak from the standpoint of the child, not forgetting the duties of a teacher. Conversation pertaining to the lesson should always be encouraged. The children should read a story two or three times, until they master the new words and get the trend of the thought; then the lesson should be reviewed, one thought at a time, and freely discussed. The children should be led to do the talking. Let them study silently, then tell the thought in *their own* words. It is not intended that these lessons should be read strictly in the order of the book. Select that lesson for each day which is most in accord with that day's work.

This book may also prove valuable when used to supplement the language lessons of the first or second year, as much of the subject matter is well adapted to illustrate and exemplify such work.

That this book may bring pleasure and profit to the children for whom it was written, with much love, is the sincere wish of the

AUTHOR.

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THE CHILD AT HOME



(12)

"THE BROOK CAN FLOW AND I CAN LEARN"

A CHILD'S READER IN VERSE

WHAT I CAN DO

A bee can hum,
A gnat can fly,
An ant can run,
And I can cry.

Some birds can bore,
Some birds can file,
Some birds can sing,
And I can smile.

A dog can growl,
A horse can walk,
A wolf can howl,
And I can talk.

The wind can blow,
The fire can burn,
A brook can flow,
And I can learn.

A stick can float,
A stone can sink,
A top can spin,
And I can think.

EIGHT RULES

Work quickly,
Sing sweetly,
Step lightly,
Write neatly.

Sing softly,
Walk sprightly,
Speak gently
And politely.

Each little rule
I'll use in school.



(16)

“THEIR MORNING BATH THE BIRDIES TAKE”

THE MORNING BATH

The sun is up,
The world's awake;
Their morning bath
The birdies take.

The little leaves
And flowers, too,
Have had their bath
In clearest dew.

The sober cat,
Upon the wall,
Has washed her face
And feet and all.

And my pet hens
And roosters gay
Have plumed and cleaned
Themselves, to-day.

From these, a lesson
I can take,
To use, each day
When I awake.

OTHER WORLDS

THE CHILD

Little stars, if I could fly,
Where you are, up in the sky,
Tell me, stars, what would I see?
Tell me, stars, where would I be?

THE STARS

On some other worlds you'd be,
And some other worlds you'd see;
Looking down, from where we are,
Your world, then, would seem a star.



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

The shoes for my feet,
The hat for my head,
Will each be in its proper place
When I go to bed.

I'll find them in the morning,
When I must hurry so;
And I am never late at school,
Nor anywhere I go.

HAPPY DAYS

Every morning, you might say,
 “ What kind of day shall this day be?
Shall I choose a happy one,
 Or an unhappy day, for me?

“ Once I had the saddest day, —
 I was cross as I could be,
Did not behave as I was told —
 No more days like that for me.

Now, I always try to make
 Each day a pleasant, joyful day,
By never, never being cross,
 And always trying to obey.

WORK

If you have some work to do,

Do it.

Do not sit and pout all day,

Naught was ever done that way;

Work while there is work to do;

Then play.



(24)

“MOTHERS ALL THE WIDE WORLD OVER”

MOTHERS

Little birdies all are sleeping,
In their nests, so safe and warm ;
Mother birdies all are keeping
Little birdies safe from harm.

Little foxes all are playing,
'Round their holes without a fear ;
For the mother fox is watching,
Warning when there's danger near.

Mothers all the wide world over,
Watch their babies in some nest.
Which of all these darling babies
Thinks his mother is the best ?

SORRY

LITTLE BOY

In my heart I feel a sadness,
That has been there all the day ;
If I tell you all about it,
Mother, will it go away?

Once I found a baby sparrow,
That had fallen from its nest,
Had I only put it back,
Now my mind would be at rest.

Long I kept the baby sparrow,
Knowing what was right to do ;
That my keeping it would kill it,
That, of course, I never knew.

Now this little baby sparrow
Never more its home will see.
Does its lonely, loving mother
Wonder where her bird can be ?

MOTHER

Oh, never give to others trouble
Just to please yourself, my boy ;
For, if you do, then on the morrow
You will feel but little joy.



A POLITE LITTLE GIRL

I know a little girl —
Perhaps you know her too —
Without a thing to say,
And not a thing to do.

Miss Lily is her name,
She's very tall and white ;
There's nothing she does wrong,
And nothing she does right.

I know a little girl —
Perhaps you know her too —
With very much to say,
And very much to do.

Whene'er you hear her speak,
You think, she's so polite.
Whatever she may do,
You know she does just right.

I like the pretty lily
A summer day or two,
But I will love the little girl
Always. Now, wouldn't you?

DO WORK WELL

Every little drop of rain
Has some work to do ;
So has every plant that grows,
So, dear child, have you.
Things like those can never choose
To do work well or ill ;
You, my child, can do work well,
If you only will.

HOW TO GROW

Our baby has a brand new tooth;
I saw it when he laughed to-day;
And soon he will be big enough
To run about with me, and play.

Now father says, we need not try
To grow up big or fat or tall,
For children always grow and grow,
Though they don't think of it at all.

A child that would be great or good
Must always try with all his might,
To learn his lessons as he should,
And never fail to do what's right.

THE CHILD AT SCHOOL



(34) "ALL THE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS PAY ATTENTION WELL"

STORY TIME

If all these little boys and girls
Will pay attention well,
Then they may choose the story
That they wish me to tell.

One about a little mole
Living in the ground.
One about a little fish
In the river found.

One about the dandelions,
Turning into snow.
One about the birds and bees,
And where they like to go.

One about the sugar plums,
For you and me to eat.
One about a little girl,
Always clean and neat.

One about George Washington
Who served his country well.
Which of all these stories,
Children, shall I tell?

All the little boys and girls
Pay attention well.
Next time, I will listen,
While they the story tell.

THE STORM IN SCHOOL

How the wind does blow,
Bringing rain, I guess!
Softly, louder, louder
Sound the letter S.

Now I hear a sound
Like the beating rain;
Fingers use your desk
As if a window pane.

Now I hear a sound
Like a thunder clap;

NOTE TO TEACHER.—This should be read at the seats. When each child finishes reading, the other children act the part.

All the hands, together,
Give just one loud slap.

Now I hear the hail
Coming rap, rap, rap;
All the little heels
Must tap, tap-a-tap.

Now I see the sun.
Rain, at last, is o'er;
Let the happy children
Sweetly smile once more.

Still I hear a sound
Like a drip, drip, drip;
Slowly, softly beat
With a finger tip.

See the clean leaves shine
Where the rain has been ;
Plant your fore-arms like a tree,
See what leaves are clean.

SEEING

There is a pretty picture
Upon the schoolroom wall;
Let's look at it, then close our eyes,
And see what we recall.

Another pretty picture
Is in the window frame;
Let's look at that, then close our eyes,
And see what things we name.

This world is full of pictures,
Most wonderful to see;
And if we only use our eyes,
How wise we soon will be!

THE SAD TEACHER

Every day, I have to say,

“Children, sit up straight.”

Every day, I have to say,

“Children, don’t come late.”

Do you wish to make me sad

When I come to school?

Would you, rather, have me glad?

Then obey each rule.



(42) "HERE YOU SEE MY GARDEN, WHERE MY FLOWERS GROW"

MY GARDEN

Look at all these children
Sitting in a row ;
Here you see my garden,
Where my flowers grow.

Some I call my daisies,
Bright-eyed, pure, and sweet ;
Some I call my lilies,
Always clean and neat.

Sometimes they are little bees,
Working hard all day ;
Sometimes they are little birds,
Then they fly away.

THE QUIET SCHOOL

Forty pair of little feet,
Still as any mouse;
That's the way for feet to be,
When they're in the house.

Forty pair of eager eyes,
Looking all one way;
That's the way for eyes to do,
While in school they stay.

Forty pair of little hands,
Quiet, — busy too;
That's the way for hands to be,
When they've work to do.

Forty little boys and girls,
Pay attention well;
No one needs to tell me
How they read and write and spell.

THE BELL

“Ding, dong,” says the bell,
“Who’ll be first in line?
Shoulders back! Eyes front!
Now you’re looking fine.”

“Ding, dong,” says the bell,
“Forward, march! I know
That you have your lessons well,
By the way you go.”

“Ding, dong,” says the bell,
“Who is coming late?
Tommy, hurry to your seat;
We dislike to wait.”

“Ding, dong,” says the bell,
“Quiet, now we’ll be.
If you recite your lessons well,
You may go home, at three.”



THE SOLDIERS

Will you come and be my soldiers,
Just to play, but not to fight?
For I wish that all my children
Should stand and walk just right.

Let each boy and girl, now present,
Form in line and stand up straight;
Listen, when I give an order;
Soldiers have no time to wait.

Now, to be a first rate soldier,
Keep eyes in front, and do not frown,
Learn to stand in good position—
Shoulders up, now back, now down.

Ask your feet, if they are ready,
Even though they cannot talk;
For the feet of every soldier,
Know quite well how they should walk.

Forward, march! Let feet step firmly,
Hold each body, like a tree,
Upright, straight, and very graceful,
As each body ought to be.

Let us always walk like soldiers,
That we may grow straight and strong,
Then with health we shall be favored,
As through life we march along.

KIND WORDS

A mountain peak is high,
A river bed is low,
But by the river banks
The flowers like to grow.

A grown-up man is strong,
A little child is weak,
But kindly and politely
A little child can speak.

For kind words are like flowers,
That blossom for us all,
Though they be high or lowly,
Though they be great or small.



MINUTES

Minutes are things,
With angels' wings,
Coming to bless us,
With countless things.

Some come for work,
And some for play,
Each one can only
A minute stay.

Time is for work,
For rest and play.
No one should throw
His time away.

Minutes are things,
With angels' wings,
Coming to bless us,
With countless things.

LITTLE THINGS

I am a merry buttercup ;
I held my cup of butter up,
A hungry bee that came my way,
Said, "Here is where I like to sup."

I am a playful drop of rain ;
I fell against a window pane,
A little boy laughed loud, and said,
"You funny rain, oh, come again."

I am a little grain of sand ;
I live between the sea and land.
A happy girl came here to play,
And built me in a castle grand.

I am a frozen flake of snow;
I like to come when roses go.
A tiny seed saw me and said,
“You’ll keep me very warm, I know.”

I am a little laughing boy,
Too weak to hold the smallest toy;
And yet I hear a sweet voice say,
“Oh darling, you are mother’s joy.”

Oh, many, many little things,
Each one of you some pleasure brings;
And you, oh world! were made so big,
To hold these many little things.

PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE

“ Ella, be a little mouse,
And take this seat in front.
Tommy, you may be the cat,
This little mouse to hunt.

“ Everybody sit up straight,
And watch the children play :
Let us hope the little mouse
Will safely get away.

“ Mousie dear, I hear a cat,
I think you'd better run,
And if that cat can't catch you,
You can choose another one.

“Now that the cat has caught you,
We must let him play the mouse,
And choose another hungry cat,
To chase him round the house.”

NOTE TO TEACHER. — This is to be read, after the game has been played in school. The “cat” tries to keep the “mouse” from getting back to the front seat.

A PLACE FOR ME

JOHN

I am a fish,
And I live in the sea.
In the deep cooling water,
Is the place for me.

MARY

I am a bird,
And I love the free air,
Where my wings are as free
As my heart is from care.

WILLIE

I am a mole,
And I live in the ground.
Tell me, wherever else
Was a little mole found?

ALL

Kind Father, who made
Earth, air, and the sea,
You, surely, have made
Some place best for me.

THE CHILD OUT OF DOORS



(62) "HOW SORROWFUL BIRDIES IN CAGES MUST BE!"

THE BIRD

Oh, what is so happy,
So happy and free,
As a little wild bird
Singing up in a tree?

And what is so joyful,
So gladsome as he?
His mate, on the eggs,
In her nest, in the tree.

How sweetly he sings,
Swinging up in his tree!
The sweetest of songs,
Sings a wild bird to me.

Oh birdie, with wings,
Sitting high in the tree,
You sing and are happy,
Because you are free!

Oh birdie, so happy,
So joyous and free,
How sorrowful birdies
In cages must be!

SPRING

I hear a little robin
Singing in the tree.
Spring is surely coming;
That's the sign for me.

All the trees are leafless;
Snow is on the ground;
Robin, will you tell me,
What sign of spring you've found?

THE TRAVELER

Listen to the rain come down,
With a gentle beating sound.
It runs a little way, and then
Hides itself, within the ground.

Sometimes, rain, you like to ride
In a white and fleecy cloud ;
Sometimes in black clouds, that bring
Lightning streaks and thunder loud.

Rain, you've seen the whole wide
world,
Creeping way down under ground,
Rising, quite unseen, again,
Traveling, once more, all around.

A LITTLE SEED

A little seed fell to the ground,
A little bed for winter found,
And when the spring came back again,
Forth came the little seedling then.

It sent some tiny rootlets down;
It wore a pretty two-leaved gown;
And then it grew and grew and grew,
Through all the spring and summer,
too.

Then came a chilly autumn night,
And cracked a box of seeds so tight;
A chilly wind blew them around,
Until they, too, hid in the ground.



(68)

"SEE THIS DAINTY LITTLE DAISY"

THE DAISY

See this dainty little daisy,
Gazing upwards at the sun.
Little cause has she to worry,
For her work is always done.

She has stems to carry water,
She has leaves to cook her food,
While her busy rambling rootlets,
Gather food that's always good.

Then, when she gets tired of gazing,
And her petals blow away,
She will leave some little seeds,
To bring daisies back next May.

IN THE WOODS

When the summer day was over,
And the evening coolness fell,
Mother, with me, would go walking,
Walking, slowly, through the dell.

Often, then, I heard a twitter,
In the green leaves overhead ;
Then I thought some mother birdie
Tucked some little birds in bed.

Often, then, I heard the breezes
Murmur softly through the trees ;
What sweet story were they telling,
To the pretty listening leaves ?

All the woods are full of music,
All the birds and flowers are gay;
What about, are they all singing,
Can you tell me what they say?



(72)

"A SLEEPY OWL"

THE SLEEPY HEADS

A sleepy owl
Sat in a tree;
It was so light,
He could not see.

And near him clung
A furry bat;
And near the fence,
A sleepy cat.

The owl flew forth,
When it was night;
“Ah, now,” said he,
“The light’s just right.”

And then, the bat
Began to fly;
“This light,” said he,
“Doesn’t hurt my eye.”

The cat prowled round,
To catch a mouse;
He sees quite well
Beneath the house.

When darkness comes,
I go to bed;
For I am then
The Sleepy Head.

THE MONTHS

January, February,
Icicles and snow.

In March and April
The cold winds blow.

In May and June
Are soft spring showers.

In July and August
Are sweet summer flowers.

September, October,
The dead leaves fall.

November, December,
The harvest for all.

In winter and summer,
The cold and the heat.

In spring and autumn,
The rain and sleet.

Each season brings us,
Things that are good,

Things for our pleasure,
Things for our food.

THE VIOLET

Once in a shady, pleasant nook,
Beside a tall, green tree,
A modest little violet grew
And bloomed for you and me.

Her pretty dress was purple,
And yellow was her eye ;
She never spoke, but sweetly smiled
At every passer-by.

Then, one bright day in summer,
Her beauty seemed to fade ;
Her face grew pale, she drooped her
head,
Her leaves in dust were laid.

Oh, what could ail the pretty flower
That she so ill should be?
I asked the other violets,
I asked the tall, green tree.

“My child,” the green tree answered,
“Each flower has its day;
It grows and blooms and sweetly smiles,
Then droops and fades away.

“This pretty little violet
Has lived and done her duty,
Has given joy to many a heart,
By reason of her beauty.”

Now would you know the reason
Why I tell this tale to you?

I would teach you all, dear children,
To be modest, good, and true.

It is not the bold, coarse sunflower
That we love most to greet,
But the small, sweet-smelling violet
Which blossoms at our feet.



(80)

"I CAN TELL HE LOVES ME WELL"

GOOD FRIENDS

Every day, I like to play
With my big dog, Sleek.
I can tell he loves me well,
Though he cannot speak.

I never hurt nor tease him ;
He never snarls at me.
This is why we're such good friends ;
We're kind as we can be.



(82)

“ I’M GLAD THAT I’M A CLEANLY BOY ”

PIGGY

Oh piggy, you are never clean,
You like to roll in dirt;
You do not care to go to school,
Or wear a nice, clean shirt.

When you grow up to be a hog,
What will you know or do?
I'm glad that I'm a cleanly boy,
And not a pig like you.

THE SNAIL

What's as slow as a snail,
With his house on his back,
Like a tired old man
With too heavy a pack?

1

It is easy to laugh,
And it's easy to talk;
Try to carry your house,
And then see how you walk.

For perhaps, while you laugh,
Because he's so slow,
He is trying his best,
And no faster can go.

THE SNAIL AND THE RIVER

Close by a pretty river,
That flowed into the sea,
There lived a little snail,
As wise as snails can be.

Each day, he sat and watched
The pretty river flowing by ;
And then made up his mind, to see
Just where it went, and why.

He kissed his wife and children,
And told them each good-by ;
Then set out on his travels,
With teardrops in each eye.

For many weeks he traveled,
But barely went a mile ;
He saw those awful wonders,
A house, a fence, and stile.

Then growing very lonesome,
For his children, left behind,
He hurried home and told them,
What was then upon his mind.

“ Children,” he said, “ the world is big,
Much bigger than a tree ;
The river never has an end,
That any one can see.”

The little snails all listened well,
To what he had to say ;

They teach it to their children, dear,
Unto this very day.

Now, children, learn this lesson :
When a thing is told to you,
Try to think out for yourselves
How much of it is true.

THE TREE

A pretty tree stood in the woods,
Its branches drooping to the ground,
As if it would have liked to touch
The flowers, growing all around.

One day a tempest rocked the sky,
And tore the branches from the tree ;
And of the flowers, where they fell,
Not e'en a petal could I see.

The little flowers all have died ;
They're buried there beneath the tree ;
They missed the wind, the sun and air,
They missed the joy of being free.

For every living thing we know,
So longs to live its own sweet way,
That unkind hands of friend or foe,
Can bring but sorrow and decay.



(90) "AND STILL THEY CLUCK, AND LOUDLY CROW"

THE FOOLISH CHICKENS

“I’ve laid an egg, an egg I’ve laid,
Cluck, cluck, cluck,” the old hen said.

“Cock-a-doo-dle-doo! Hurrah for you!”
The rooster said with much ado.

A nice fresh egg is in the shed,
I’ll take it in, for little Ned.

And still they cluck, and loudly crow,
For chickens very little know.

THE VAIN ROOSTER

A young and handsome rooster
Flew high, upon the fence ;
He wore some very pretty clothes,
But did not have much sense.

Just then, the farmer saw him,
And said, "He'll do, to eat ;
For I prefer a tender fowl,
To any kind of meat."

SOME OTHER CHILDREN



THE SPOILED CHILD

“Let us play you are my mother ;
Let me be your little girl ;
You must pet me, you must love me,
Comb my hair and make it curl.

“You must not forget to call me
When my dinner, nice, is done.
You must buy me many toys,
So that I can have some fun.

“You must take me to the circus,
You can wheel me in a chair ;
You must buy me fruit and peanuts
And some candy, when we're there.

“You must make me pretty dresses,
You must buy a pretty hat.”

“No, I will not play the mother
For a little girl like that.

“Let me be the little daughter,
You can play the mother dear ;
I will try my best to please you,
Though you think it very queer.

“I will help you cook the dinner,
I will try to learn to sew ;
I am big enough to walk,
When away from home we go.

“I will comb my hair and curl it,
I will try to dress myself ;
Keep my hats and clothes in place,
Where they belong, upon the shelf.

“That’s the way to play the daughter,
To a mother good and kind ;
Try to help her all you can,
Try to please her, try to mind.”

THE LITTLE COOK

Good-by, darling baby ;
I must go to school ;
You can play you're fishing
In a little pool.

Think you will be lonesome ?
You'll have fish to fry,
If you keep on fishing ;
So you must not cry.

Good-by, darling baby ;
School will soon be out,
Then I will be back again,
And help you fry the trout.

When you're tired of fishing,
Make a nice mud pie;
You can make a good one,
If you only try.

Good-by, darling baby;
Don't let the dinner burn;
For girls at home must learn to cook,
While boys must learn to earn.



"WAKE UP, MY BOY, AND SEE HOW HIGH
THE SUN HAS CLIMBED INTO THE SKY."

WAKE UP, MY BOY

I hear the clock upon the wall,
It says tick-tock, tick-tock to all,
The only way that it can say,
The time is passing fast away.

For minutes very quickly go,
And clocks can only tell you so;
They cannot hold the time for you,
No matter what you wish to do.

Wake up, my boy, and see how high
The sun has climbed into the sky;
If you could see him, he would say,
The day is passing fast away.

For days must very quickly go.
The sun can only tell you so;
He cannot hold the time for you,
No matter what you wish to do.

THE REASON

I am just a little girl,
And my head is in a whirl,
I have so much to think about and
learn.

I know how to spell December,
And I never miss November,
But I cannot keep my writing pad
from getting full of blots.

Now can you tell me why?
Oh, you think I do not try.
I will see if that's the reason, and
I'll tell you by and by.



(104) "LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW OF SCHOOLS, OR BOOKS, OR TOWNS"

THE FISHER MAIDEN

In a lonely cottage,
Standing by the sea,
Lives a fisher maiden,
Healthy as can be.

She can swim and dive,
She can row a boat,
She can lie upon the waves
And in the water float.

Little does she know
Of schools, or books, or towns;
Little does she care
For stylish hats and gowns.

“ Little fisher maiden,
Living by the sea,
Would you like to come to town,
And go to school with me ?

“ Little fisher maiden,
Healthy as can be,
How I'd like to visit you,
Living by the sea!

“ I should like to learn to swim,
Like to row a boat,
Like to lie upon the waves
And in the water float.”

THE CHILD IN THE WOODS

A dear little child
Once fell fast asleep,
Midst wild, woodland flowers,
And green grasses deep ;
While far in his home,
His mother did call,
And no one did answer
Her calling, at all.

Then when the sun set,
The child hurried home.
“ Ah, mother, don't weep,
You see I have come ;

I would not cause you
A moment of pain,
I never will be
So thoughtless again.”

Now, far in the woods
Were six little birds,
Who called for their mother,
In tones sadder than words.
The unthinking child
Had taken her home;
They called and they called,
But she could not come.

She thought of her birdies,
Too little to fly ;

For, with nothing to eat,
She feared they must die.
If that child but knew
All the sadness and pain
That were felt by these birds,
He never again
Would be thoughtless and rude
To creatures so small ;
But kind, gentle, and good
He would be to all.



(110) "NOW WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO THIS LITTLE MAN?"

WAITING FOR WILLIE

Oh, I am so lonely,
My heart is quite sad!
I am waiting and waiting
For my little lad.

He promised me, surely,
That he would come home,
When playtime was over,
And school work was done.

The sun now is setting ;
The birds are asleep ;
The shepherd dog, homeward,
Is bringing the sheep.

The chickens are roosting,
They have not been fed ;
The dear baby brother
Has long been in bed.

The horse in the stable
Is whinnying low ;
The puppies are whining,
They miss Willie so.

The pale moon is showing
Her face in the sky,
And telling all children
Their bedtime is nigh.

I hear some one coming
As fast as he can ! . . .
Now what would you say
To this little man ?





